

## CORBETT TELLS HOW FITZ BEAT HIM

"Gentleman Jim" Says He Had More Trouble With His Trainers Than He Expected From Challenger.

James J. Corbett, who is writing a series of articles for Answers, a London periodical, tells how he lost the champion to Bob Fitzsimmons. His story follows:

"On the day of my fight with Fitzsimmons, we drove to the scene of the contest. It was in a sort of valley surrounded by snow-capped mountains and a truly ideal spot.

"When I arrived at Carson City I learned that Fitzsimmons' wife was going to be in his corner. What a woman she was! She is dead and gone now; and, although she said many unkind things, and flung numberless taunts at me, to which I could not reply, I have no hesitation in saying that she was the best friend Bob Fitzsimmons ever had.

"There she was in Bob's corner. I did not approve of her being there, for I hold that prize-ring is not the proper place for a woman. But who could help admiring her love and devotion to her great freckled-faced husband? Yes; when she died, Fitzsimmons lost his best chum.

"In his corner, my opponent had his brother-in-law, Martin Julian, a couple of other men, and his wife. There all was harmony. In my corner there was discord among the jealous trainers, and I had more trouble with them than I thought I should have to defend my title of champion of the world against Fitzsimmons.

"The great fight started. And I made up my mind that I was going to carry Fitzsimmons along faster than he had ever been carried before. Fitz had to settle himself before delivering a blow, whereas I was like a phantom, flitting here and there, and thinking my speed and quickness would so mix up Fitzsimmons that all the calculations would be knocked out of him.

"So I went right in at the beginning, and started the aggressive tactics. Just as soon as he would get settled I would not fight him; I would get away, and then rush back, hitting him every time I struck at him.

"Speed, speed, speed! It is telling its tale. I see the fight over again as I write. I land again and gain on his body; his face is punched almost beyond recognition.

"Speed, speed, speed! Surely it is leading Fitz down to his doom. The sixth round, I hit him a terrible left-hand hook on the jaw. Down he goes. Surely, I think, the fight is mine! I am still the world's champion!

"Can he get up? A woman dashes to the side of the ring. 'Bob—Bob!' she shrieks. 'Get up!' Her voice rings above the turmoil, beseeching, praying, commanding the man on the floor to rise and continue the grim struggle.

"The woman is in a frenzy of despair as the still figure makes no move. 'Bob—Bob! Get up!' she wails again. And, in some mysterious manner, her supplication seems to penetrate through the mist which envelops his brain, and Fitzsimmons rises to his feet.

"I am wary. I know that Fitz is never more dangerous than when he seems 'licked,' because I have seen him win four or five fights after he has apparently been beaten.

"We are at it again. I determine to keep away from him until I see a clear opening. There it is! I go punching away at him for every ounce I am worth. Will he never give in? What gameness; what ability to take punishment! I have never seen the like of it before. He takes all I can give him, and then comes back for more.

"Round after round passes, until, in the fourteenth, I begin to get more confident. Fitz is getting a little slower. I am feinting to get Fitz to let a right-hand swing go. He has done this 50 times in the fight with such force that it turns him completely round. So far, I have jumped away to avoid the punch, and I have not been able to get back in time to do any harm.

"The Great Swing.

"But I think the next time I will simply fling my head back, without moving my whole body, so that I shall be right on the top of him when he turns round.

"Well, this great swing comes at last. I simply throw out my stomach and fling back my head. Fitz's left hand comes at my stomach, and all my careful thought-out schemes are shattered.

"As the glove crashes to its goal all the breath leaves my body. Down I sink with a groan.

"Now if the altitude had not been so great, I could have recovered in ten seconds, but we were fighting between 6,000 and 7,000 feet above the sea level, where, if you ran 20 yards, you had to sit down to get your breath. If I could have risen, I could have fallen down again, and so obtained another ten seconds' grace. But I was

like a man paralyzed. I could use my hands, but not my feet.

"During this awful struggle my breath was coming back. But, alas! I had been counted out. Corbett was no longer the world's champion, but in his stead reigned Bob Fitzsimmons.

"Rushing at Fitz, I—well, although he had won, I knocked him down. I am sorry for it even to this day.

"He was hurried out of the ring, and, after I had cooled down, I realized that I had lost the fight honestly and squarely. Then I thought of this man's wonderful gameness—this man with the heart of a lion, to whom I had given the hardest punching I had ever given to any man. The more I pondered, the more I admired.

"Now, perhaps you will think it a little strange my writing like this; and, really it seems just as strange to myself. If Fitzsimmons was not such a wonderful man, I should not feel so talkative; but when you lose to one of the greatest fighters who ever lived—well, a defeat has compensations.

"The blow which deprived me of the world's championship was an ordinary body blow; but Fitz had tremendous force behind it, and some newspaper men asked a famous doctor to describe it, as the rumor went round at the time that I had died from the punch.

"The doctor said I had been hit in the solar plexus. A lot of people had never heard of this before—I myself had not.

"It is right at the pit of the stomach, at the end of the breast-bone, and it became famous from that day forth.

## Hawk and Weasel Fight in Air.

A hen hawk and a weasel fought in mid-air here yesterday until both were injured fatally. Today Eben Van Duyn gave the bodies of the bird and the weasel to a taxidermist, with orders to mount them as they were locked in the death struggle. The battle in the air was interesting, and was watched by several farmers of this place.

The two enemies of the hen encountered each other when they were invading the chicken yard of Elston Trowbridge's farm. The farmer saw the hawk circling over his place and hurried out with his gun. The bird swooped down, and started upward with something in its claws. As it rose it fouled wildly to drop the weasel, which it had picked up, evidently in mistake for a chicken.

The weasel sunk its teeth into the hawk's breast and clung there. The bird pecked frantically at the spot under its left wing where the weasel's head was. The weasel's body swung free as the bird tried to use its talons to throw it to the ground. As they fought the bird's flight became erratic, and finally it fell to the ground. Van Duyn, who had been watching the fight, rushed up, and found the combatants still struggling. The weasel's bite soon caused the bird to die, and the weasel had been injured so seriously by the hawk's talons that it, too, died. Van Duyn took the bodies, locked in the death grapple, to his home, and he is having them mounted to show how the battle was fought.

Fought—Fairfield (N. J.) Dispatch to New York Times.

## Something Fancy.

Waiter—Table d'ote, sir?  
Uncle Cy—What's a tabledote?  
Waiter—Course dinner, sir.  
Uncle Cy—N't far me. I git all the coarse grub I need, to home, and when I git to town I want somethin' a bit fancy.—Judge.

## TESTED AND PROVEN

There is a Heap of Solace in Being Able to Depend Upon a Well-Earned Reputation.

For months Newport News readers have seen the constant expression of praise for Doan's Kidney Pills, and read about the good work they have done in this locality. Not another remedy ever produced such convincing proof of merit.

A. J. Hauser, 325 Thirty-third street, Newport News, Va., says: "I am glad to recommend Doan's Kidney Pills to anyone suffering from backache, as I know them to be a sure cure for this trouble. For several months I was afflicted with a dull pain in the small of my back and it caused me great misery. When I learned of Doan's Kidney Pills, I procured a supply at Allen's drug store and commenced their use. By the time I had finished the contents of one box, my pains and aches had become a thing of the past. I am glad to let other kidney sufferers know of the great merit of Doan's Kidney Pills."

Mr. Hauser gave the above testimonial in August 1907 and when interviewed on June 28, 1909, he added: "The testimonial I gave in favor of Doan's Kidney Pills in 1907 still holds good. The relief this remedy brought me has been lasting."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-McBride Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

## SELFISH JIM.

I'm sorry for Jim,  
For he cannot see  
The charm in river  
Or lake or tree.  
And he knows no pleasure  
But sordid self  
And things which only  
Concern himself.

I'm sorry for Jim,  
For his life is small.  
Of the big broad things  
He knows not a bit.  
Self-centered he lives  
In this world alone.  
And he is the only  
Friend he's known.

I'm sorry for Jim,  
As he goes his way,  
Thinking of self  
From day to day,  
With never a friend  
Or a pal to come  
To his door at night  
And call him chum.

Too Old to Learn New Words.  
"Why don't you try to drive that horse without profanity?"  
"It wouldn't do any good," answered the canal boatman. "It ain't fair to the horse to ask it to start at its line of life to learn a lot of polite words."—Tit-Bits.

For the Girls' Sake.  
"Why do you always take your family to that famous fishing resort? You don't fish, do you?"  
"No, but you see, the girls like the place. If there is good fishing there are always enough men there to make things pleasant for them."

A Man of Judgment.  
"She turned her entire fortune over to him as soon as they were married."  
"She must have unbounded faith in his judgment to give him control of so much."  
"She has, he is the first man that ever told her she was beautiful."

Another Knock.  
Mrs. Stubb—It's queer, John, that you don't hear of many women going trout fishing.  
Mr. Stubb—Not at all, Maria. You know in trout fishing you can't speak a word for hours at a time.

## MORE FELINETIES.



Little Marie—If one could only live as long old as some people do young, what an age we should get!

Mrs. Wiggs—Quaint little girl. What funny things you say. How your mother must treasure you! (Mimic! Ought to be kept at home and slapped.)

## Hurrah!

The man who said he'd live to see  
The day that we'd be hung has hit  
The paradise trail, and gee!  
We ain't hung yet.

## Near Music.

She—I see an Indian, on hearing a phonograph for the first time, tomahawked the thing.  
He—Well, that does not necessarily prove that music has no charms to soothe the savage breast.—Yonkers Statesman.

## His Reward.

"A New Jersey genius claims to have invented a motor that will travel a million miles a minute."  
"If that's true he'll be able to get out of New Jersey."

## Sweet Things.

Pearl—Freddy really thinks he is the candy kid.  
Ruby—Gracious! Is that the reason the girls are always giving him taffy?

## Up to the Jury.

She—People seldom do anything nowadays without motive.  
He—That's right. The modern jury is reasonably sure to find extenuating circumstances.

## Ax-idental Reflections.

Henry VIII. was musing philosophically in the royal study.  
"A man," he muttered, "can stand the marrying habit, but it certainly does make a woman lose her head."

## In the Air.

Tom—Just saw Miss Weloph on the street and lifted my hat.  
Dick—And did she respond?  
Tom—Yes. She lifted her nose.

## Needn't Turn.

She—Darling, will you love me when my golden locks are gray?  
He—But, dearest, they haven't put up the tariff on hair bleaches.

## May Be a Bach.

"What makes you think he is a childless widower?"  
"He was bragging this morning that he is boss out at his house."

## In the Garden.

Rose—Isn't that vine a fool to run up so many feet in a single season?  
Tulip—I should say so, but you see, he's only a sucker.

## Will Need To.

"I see that Bryan's son has been arrested for violating the speed law."  
"Yes, but he'll slow up now, he's been married."

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THE BUSY STORE.

WATT, DOXEY &amp; WATT.

THE BUSY STORE.

## How Many Times Does Your Wife Have to Darn

One pair of socks of the kind you are now wearing? DO YOU know? SHE does! You can do away with darning now by using the new hosiery for men, which will wear much longer than any you have ever used before. The marvelous wearing strength is due to the new

**Interwoven**  
**TOE AND HEEL**  
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

With which every pair is equipped.

If you haven't tried them yet get a pair and test them. You will be very much surprised to find a Fine Lisle Sock that will really wear better than any you have worn, even those which are heavy in weight. A pair



**25 cts.**

## I Want Some Heavy Underwear

That is what men are asking just now, for October breezes make one feel the necessity of warmer undergarments. The gaps in our Underwear stock made last Saturday and during the week have been filled in and tomorrow will find a complete assortment.

## Men's Underwear

Heavy ribbed shirts and drawers—  
—a garment ..... 39c

## Women's Wool Underwear

75c, \$1.00 and \$1.50 a garment.

## Women's Underwear

White or unbleached—25c, 37½c, 50c a garment.

## Dress Goods of Quality

Whether it be a school dress, a college dress, an everyday suit or a distinguished tailored suit, the materials are here, space will permit us to mention a very few.

## Thibet Cloth

54 inches wide; navy, brown, scarlet, black, for children's coats and women's capes ..... \$1.69

## Worsted Sullings

A fine cheviot unfinished worsted suiting; navy only, for coat suits ..... \$1.19

## Ladies' Scarfs

Will be very much worn this winter, new colors and beautiful designs ..... 50c, \$1.00 and \$1.50.

## Dr. Denton's

## Sleeping Garments

These children's sleeping garments are made of a special material that keeps the body dry and warm. The knit form of the garment carries off perspiration, preventing the child from getting chilled during the night ..... 50c, 75c.

## Broadcloth

50 inches wide, black, navy, garnet, green and grey ..... 75c

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Stamped ready for the needle; fine satin finish, black only ..... \$2.50

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The newest thing in Ladies' Collars, very stylish ..... 25c

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I offer for a quick sale or exchange the following splendid income producing properties on which there is a splendid margin for profit.  
Brick Tenement property on Ivy Ave., containing eight flats of three rooms each, now renting for \$40 per month, also two vacant lots adjoining the property. Price \$4,500, mortgage of \$2,000.00. I will trade equity of \$2,500 for clear improved property.  
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Two three room cottages in East End renting for \$9.00 each. Price \$500.00.  
Six houses of four rooms each on Ivy avenue, renting for \$30.00. Price \$1,500 for the whole.  
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And Save and Make Money.

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THE WOMAN WHO WANTS STYLE AND SUPERIOR FINISH IN TAILORED SUITS CAN LOOK TO OUR SUIT DEPARTMENT FOR IT, AS WELL AS CAN THE WOMAN WHO WANTS A SUIT SIMPLE AND INEXPENSIVE FOR PRACTICAL WEAR.

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Made of good grade cambric and linen finish percale ..... 75c and \$1.00

## Cloth Capes

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3 yards long, a pair ..... 89c to \$1.00  
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Ruffled or flat Muslin Curtains with lace edge and hemstitched effects, specially adapted for upstairs rooms and for cottages, remarkably pretty and neat, 39c, 40c to \$1.39 a pair.

## Novelty Curtains

White or ecru, Tambour and Bat-tenberg effects, suitable for parlor, dining room or living room, \$1.69, \$3.00 to \$4.50 a pair.

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Fine All-Wool Blankets in the double bed size for \$5.00 and \$6.00 a pair. All-Wool Plaid Blankets, pretty patterns, the popular colors at \$5.00 a pair.

We have just put on sale a full assortment of Baby Blankets in white with pink or blue border, also pretty novelty designs in soft wool Baby Blankets, at \$1.00, \$1.50 to \$2.50.

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Included are Doilies, Scarfs, Shams and Centerpieces, some beautifully lace trimmed, others neatly embroidered. Also an elegant assortment of Mexican drawn work.

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